



Ernest David Criddle III

April 30, 1934 - January 21, 2015

Ernest David Criddle III passed away peacefully on January 21, 2014 at his residence in Ennis, Texas from natural causes. David, the son, and only child, of E. D. "Dick" and Elsie Sue Lowe Criddle, was born in Shreveport, Louisiana on April 30, 1934. He grew up and lived in Corsicana, Texas for much of his life.

David was a U.S. Army veteran. He attended SMU, University of Arizona, University of Michigan, and had degrees from Arizona State University and University of Colorado. He was a teacher of English and speech at the high school and university level. (Among his students was former Vice President Dan Quayle.) David was a man of generosity and spirituality. He treasured his friendships, and associations with those of many faiths.

He was a member of the Church Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He is survived by his cousin Sue Sims of San Angelo, Texas. A special thanks to his assistant and friend, Malcolm Wommack, and those who so caringly attended to David in his last illness.

David's remains will be interred next to his parents and grandparents in the IOOF Cemetery in Denton, Texas. An informal graveside service will take place at a time yet to be determined.

Tribute Wall



“ *Ernest David Criddle III*

October 08, 2023 at 12:04 PM

RT

“ I had the pleasure of meeting David at a Wal Mart in Corsicana Texas. I was wearing my Volunteer Minister T-Shirt from the Church of Scientology. David stopped me in the store and asked if we could talk. That was it. It turns out that David had studied some Scientology in the past. He had told me he forgot and that I had reminded him. He thanked me and we became friends after that. David since then had rekindled a relationship with an "Oldtime Scientologist" with whom he had a great respect and admiration for. David had only the highest of kind words and regards for the "Oldtimers" I began working for David as his Personal Assistant. David told me of his numerous childhood and adult experiences and reminded me of my childhood experiences. David was seemingly seriously frustrated most times in having an elderly body with a child like personality or outlook on life, he was VERY FUNNY GUY! I could say that he was a very fair and honest person/friend/employer. I took care of him and he looked out and took care of me too. I enjoyed the stories he told me about his family of Wooley's that built the Corsicana Airport and how they loved golf. David had a painting hanging on the wall in his home of the Wooley's posing in golf outfits. I liked that picture most and David said I could have it. Don't know what Malcom, David's accountant did with it? David told me he was barred from going to the golf club in Dallas. That picture tied the story to the barring of David somehow in my mind. It was too funny! Hummm, I wonder why? I am an airport junkie and when I would visit David we would sometimes go to the airport and sit for a while. We both enjoyed that Peace. I will miss David's laughter. David did not want to come back in another life because he was so frustrated with the last ones. He seemed at Peace with his decision.

Too all David's loyal friends, family, employees... All the Best in your endeavors this life

*Rebekah Anne Taylor
Dallas Texas*

Rebekah Anne Taylor - July 15, 2015 at 11:48 AM

SM

“ *I first met David in Florida in the 1990s. He was a trusted friend and I always enjoyed our visits and phone calls after we both moved from Florida. Cindy and I shall always remember him with fondness - especially the time we both visited David in Corsicana.*
With all our love,
Scott McCarthy

Scott McCarthy - April 05, 2015 at 11:39 AM

BT

“ *My dear David,*
I am sure you are deep into exploring the landscape of your new realm and taking great joy in all that you find. Meanwhile we here are missing you. Your wonderful smile which lit your entire face, your wit, your grumpy outrage at someone considered a fool which DAVID, BEHAVE would immediately stifle. Yes, you are missed. Thank you for your boundless knowledge of many things great and small which you so willing shared. Thank you for simply being you.
Betsyanne Tippette

Betsyanne Tippette - February 05, 2015 at 09:26 PM

GF

“ *David, thank you for all that gave and did for others. Your friend,*
Gail

Gail Feikes - February 01, 2015 at 05:47 PM

RS

“ *Mr Criddle,
You had the memory of an elephant. The wisdom you shared was treasured. Sometimes grouchy, but always came back to the other place for your favorite Corsicana food. The last time I saw you was at the Remington and you were watching people dance and I asked you to dance with me and you did. The smile on your face I will treasure,
Great memories
Ronda stutts*

ronda stutts - February 01, 2015 at 12:14 AM

BS

“ *You were a dedicated citizen, and would occasionally write most interesting comments in the Daily Sun. You would also share your wonderful memories. Ernest David, you will be missed.*

Babbette Samuels - January 31, 2015 at 02:51 PM

SD

“ *Where do I start! Mr. Criddle you will truly be missed! I will remember the first day I met you and all the talks, debates and our ghost adventures together! You was one of the greatest men I've ever met and I'm so heartbroken that I will never get another adventure! I can hear you say, "well why not!!!! You will see me again!!!" And I will see you again! Bye for now Mr. Criddle. -Susan DeMoss*

Susan DeMoss - January 30, 2015 at 04:45 PM

BH

“ I am so sorry to read of Brother Criddle's passing. I enjoyed him very much. I appreciated our talks at church and on the phone. His quick wit and laugh made me smile. He always complimented me and encouraged me. I will miss him very much. I wish I could have been with him as he neared the end. But I know he is now where he will be able to free of pain and illness. I will always remember him with a smile.

Beverly Herrin - January 28, 2015 at 02:28 PM



“ Oh, Mr. Criddle, you will be missed! I've shared many memories with David over the years. He was a faithful regular at our coffee shop. I enjoyed our conversations. Loved his stories. Got used to his moods (said with love). And was happy to change the station to whatever music he wanted to hear. He would also come in to the salon. Every so often, he would want me to color his hair and mustache (not sure if he'd be happy at me sharing that) but the thing is, when we were done, he would go on and on and on about how great I was. I didn't do anything extravagant... He was just so happy to look "20 years younger"! I loved the way his eyes would light up. It was like he was remembering a younger self and you could see it in his step and stature. I loved it when he came in. My favorite memory though is when I was driving him to church in University Park. He would tell me stories of the past and even shared his book of short stories with me. Yes, he wrote a book... And yes, I read it! Lol! He had a funny mindset about money and I wanted him to know, more than anything that someone could genuinely just LOVE who he is. I asked him, after church, if we could stop at Starbucks and have a coffee. He agreed and I soon found one. I know he assumed that I expected him to buy it and I wanted to show him that sometimes his company was enough. I walked in ahead of him and ordered my drink and then, looking at the barista, said "and whatever this handsome gentleman is having"... Caught him totally off guard! His smile was priceless. I say this only to remember publicly the laughter, conversation and brilliance of a man that many thought was just a grumpy old man... He had many endearing qualities and he will be missed. I loved that grumpy old man!

Cristina Williams - January 21, 2015 at 11:36 PM